

Daily Eagle

ECHOES. Long, long ago! Strangely how the deeps of Time recall...

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

It had been a sort of brooding day since dawn; thick, heavy, oppressive, with a light breeze that was like steam for warmth and damp, and a very quiet surface of ocean.

The ship was few degrees south of the equator, an old-fashioned cargo vessel outward bound to an Australian port, with a purple-faced old Poplar man for a commander.

He took a view of the compass card, heard what the mate had to say on the subject of the weather, and, after smoking a pipe, repaired below for a second drink, telling the mate that he would take forty winks on one of the cabin lockers, and that he was to be called if there came a change, no matter how small.

The man at the wheel nodded; there was scarce a stir in the stiller chains; no twitch of the spokes to hint to the fellow to keep his head up. Forward in the blackness the stillness was that of a coffin.

Then by the morning's light the captain and mate examined her, and found her an ordinary ship's boat, with the name Martha Williams painted in small black letters on her stern.

The laugh again sounded, a sort of anarchy-causing, hallooing, like the meaningless bawling of some drunken rascal staggering home in the small hours.

"What is it, Mr. Jones?" asked the captain. "There's some out on the water tonight, laughing," answered the mate.

other interval of dead stillness, with a faint sound now and again which suggested that the boat was being veered off and smackingly rolled. Certainly the stillness of the sea had vanished, and there was nothing to intimate the existence of the boat saving the sculling sound.

But daylight ended—then faded. As yet by jet of sound it came. His very singing soul broke through. He was not alone in the world.

It had been in a bit of cove or valley on the eastern side of the mountains for ten or twelve days before anything like a breeze came. It was within forty miles of the south line of Washington territory, and the country for a hundred miles around me was in the same savage state as when Columbus discovered the continent.

On the tenth or eleventh day of my stay I left camp at an early hour in the morning for the purpose of getting a head start on the mountain.

He looked with me, however. The Indians crossed the valley too high up to discover my camp, and I found the mules safe and sound. That afternoon, as I was looking after some traps set on a creek about a mile from camp, I found a panther dead in a thicket.

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The Jews sometimes call themselves "the deathless race." They are the only people who apply the extraordinary term to themselves, and what is more strange and significant, all other nations, including those that have been trying for eighteen centuries to annihilate them, admit the propriety and reason of the claim, and recognize in the Israelites a people who will probably outlive the present governing nations, as they have outlived those of the past.

Mrs. M. of Clark county, Ga., had a chicken hatched on the 1st of January last. This chicken commenced laying May 1, and is now sitting on fourteen eggs. This is the quickest time on record.

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A VOICE OF TOO BRIGHT COLOR. Why is it that some women never learn to talk musically? Some of them do not seem to realize what a charm there is in a low, soft voice, and a good many who do realize it make no attempt to improve their own discordant tones.

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